

THE WINCHESTER WEEKLY APPEAL.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER---DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LOCAL INTERESTS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, MECHANISM, EDUCATION---INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

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Written for the Winchester Appeal. "My Mother Knows Best." A WORD FOR CHILDREN.

I remember well of my mother's repeating to me, while at home, these words—"My mother knows best." And when I wanted anything that she did not wish I should have, or when she and I thought differently, she would repeat, "My mother knows best." She would often read or tell me stories of children who had suffered severe accidents from disobedience, or when they would persuade their mothers to let them act contrary to their better judgments.

But never could she have related to me a more shocking instance of this kind than I received from her in a letter a few days ago.

The accident occurred to one of the boys of my native town, and of a family with which I was intimately acquainted. The letter read as follows:

"I have at present one of the most painful accidents to relate that has ever happened in our quiet town. This afternoon several small boys were going out to hunt. One James H——, who had been a very good boy this forenoon, asked his mother if he could go. She told him no. James not being satisfied with this answer, continued to urge his plea, saying:

"The school is now out, and I want some recreation and sport."

How reasonable and how natural for a child. His mother at length said:

"James, as you have been a very good boy to-day, you may go."

How little did Mrs. H—— think of what awaited her boy. In a few hours he was brought to her a lifeless corpse. What mother's heart could bear this? The boy who was with him said they were both looking up in a tree at a squirrel. James, in some manner, dragging his gun after him. It caught on a bush and discharged, the contents lodging in the side of his head. The boy who was with him asked him if he shot the squirrel, but receiving no answer turned and saw him lying on the ground. He went to him. He merely said:

"Bill, I am dying," and died.

James has gone. No longer ago than yesterday evening, he was one of the performers at the exhibition at the close of the summer session, in the Venang Academy. Who would have thought, on seeing him there, with glowing cheeks, and in all the merriment and happiness of a schoolboy, to have seen him to-day a mangled corpse!

I knew James well. He was a noble-hearted, industrious, intelligent and persevering boy, and the first in my Sunday school class."

Children, from this let us learn these lessons. First, the uncertainty of life. Second, the importance of fashioning our lives so that we will always be ready to take our departure from earth, should we be thus suddenly called on.

But, children, above all things it should teach us to obey our parents.—And when you make a request of your mother that is not granted, though it may seem that it should be, learn to think and say,

"MY MOTHER KNOWS BEST."

A cotemporary says: "In our opinion, the result of a long experience and observation, an editor of a newspaper deserves far more credit for what he keeps out of his paper, than for what he puts in it."

A country editor has received the following "stop my paper."

"Dear Sir: I have looked carefully over your paper for the last six months for the death of some individual that I was acquainted with, but as yet not a single soul I care anything about has dropped off. You will please have my name erased."

Education of Husbands.

Punch gives us an excellent article on the education of husbands, worthy of the best days of Caudle, as follows: How suggestive is the new year of Lilla, and bills of housekeeping! It is fearful to reflect how many persons rush into matrimony totally unprepared for the awful change that awaits them. A man may take a wife at twenty-one, before he knows the difference between a chip and a Leghorn. We would no more grant a marriage license to anybody simply because he is of age, than a license on that ground only to practice as an apothecary. Husbands ought to be educated. We would like to have the following questions put to young, inexperienced persons about to marry:

Are you aware, sir, of the price of coal and candles?

Do you know which is the most economical, fitch bone or the round?

How far, young man, will a leg of mutton go in a small family?

How much dearer, now, is silver than Britannia?

Please to give the average price of a four-poster?

De-clare, rash youth, if you can the sum per annum that—chaises, coaches, perlinies, cardinals, bonnets, veils, cap-ribbons, flowers, cuffs, gloves and collars would come to in the temple!

If unable to answer these inquiries, we would say to him, "Go back to school."

He that would be a husband should also undergo training, physical and moral. He should be further examined thus:

Can you read or write amid the noise and yells of a nursery?

Can you wait any given time for breakfast?

Can you retain your serenity during a washing day?

Can you cut your old friends?

Can you stand being contradicted in the face of all reason?

Can you keep your temper when you are not listened to?

Can you do what you are told without being told why?

In one word, young man, have you the patience of Job?

If you can lay your hand upon your heart and answer "yes," take your license and marry—not else.

To this a lady writer makes the following addenda, under the head of "Questions to a Girl before Marrying."

Are you aware of the price of cigars, clubs and oysters?

Do you know how to make a piece of tough, dry meat, rich, juicy and tender?

Can you 'get up' an abundant, tasteful and savory dinner, on short notice, and with twenty-five cents in your pocket?

Can you bear the frequent presentation of bills without money to meet them?

Is your wardrobe well stocked?

Can you bear with the cries of children pinched by overgrown shoes?

Can you wait any given time for supper?

Can you maintain your serenity during political discussions?

Can you keep your temper when you are not listened to?

Can you do what you are told without being told why?

Can you bear to hear the oft repeated "wonder where the money all goes," whenever you humbly ask for a barrel of flour or a ton of coal?

In one word, have you twice the patience of Job?

The man "what was opposed to newspapers," paid a hundred dollars last week for a galvanized watch.

An exchange very gravely informs us that a young man, who was recently bathing in the Missouri river, seeing a number of ladies approach, drowned himself from motives of delicacy.

GOD SAVE THE UNION.

God save the Union of the States!
And brighter make those stars which shone
Around the hallow'd glory-day
Of freedom's birth at Lexington;
For all the blood which has been shed,
For all the patriotic deeds,
For all the hearts which for us bleed,
Oh, save the Union of the States!

God save the Union! By it stand,
Ye true men who revere its laws,
And, oh! remember Washington,
Who crushed oppression's blighting cause.
Be faithful to those men who gave
To Freedom life,—to Wrong a grave!
Be faithful now, if you would save
The sacred Union of the States.

God save the Union! By it stand,
Ye men whose love is Union's might,
Ye men whose hearts and hands uphold
The great omnipotence of Right.
Be faithful to one cause—the just—
The Constitution is your trust;
Would ye behold laid in the dust
The Union of the sister States!

God save the Union! When it breaks
Then Freedom falls—the Might expires;
And what was born at Lexington
Meets death amid Disunion's fires.
Then strike, ye men of war, for right,
Let not Disunion bring its blight,
By strife exercise your might,
And save the Union of the States!

Where there's a Will there's a Way.

Henry forgett was not quite twelve years of age when his father died; and fast as his tears fell when he knew that his kind papa would be with him no more, he wept, if possible, more violently, when his mother told him they must leave the pretty cottage, the only home they had ever known, and that hereafter he was to live with farmer Howard.

"We are poor, Henry," she said, "very poor, and young as you are, my boy, you must now earn your own support. But keep a stout heart you can do it. Fie on those tears!" and she turned hastily that he might not perceive the grief that was piercing her own soul.

Farmer Howard was a hard master, and a sorry time had poor Henry during the long summer days that succeeded this interview with his mother. It was work, with no relaxation, from the earliest dawn until the twilight had quite faded. Often did his courage fail, and despondency and indolence urge him to stop, but a stern necessity was on him, he must do or starve; and he kept at it, wearily enough to be sure, until the last apple was in the cellar, the last ear of corn in the crib, and all things secured against the winter, with the most pains taking thoroughness.

The winter, tardy as its approach appeared to Henry, came at last, with its three months privilege of school, and its glorious long evenings that he might spend as he chose, with no spectres of huge heaps of corn to husk or vast fields of potatoes to dig, looming up in the distance.

How well those hours for study were improved, or how highly prized, the bright light which the blazing pine splinter shed from the attic window, until long past the hour of twelve, might tell. (A pine splinter, because the mistress was a careful soul, and saved the candle ends to light Henry to bed.) He advanced with surprising rapidity in his studies, and what wonder! Ardent, persevering effort was never unsuccessful. When the spring came he was quite master of the Latin grammar, and was beginning to read in this language with some degree of ease. The summer, with its wearisome round of duties, could not damp his desire for knowledge. Every spare moment was carefully seized and sedulously employed in his favorite study.

The winter came again, and with gleeful heart Henry bounded away to the village school. On the way a classmate overtook him; one who had often jeered him for his bashfulness, and plain, homespun attire, and who, with every advantage had uninterruptedly pursued his studies.

"Ha, ha, how are you, Hal?" said he. "Don't you wish you could read all that?" triumphantly holding up a Latin Reader, and spreading his palm

completely over the open page. Henry kept his own counsel, and together they proceeded towards the school house.

Soon after the opening of the morning exercises, the class in Latin was called to the recitation bench.

"Henry," said the master, "I think you will not be able to go on with the class you were in last winter, you must fall back with the beginners."

"I should like to enter the Virgil class, Sir."

Virgil class! Nonsense, boy, you could not read one word. Just let me see now," opening the book and placing it in his hand.

"How far shall I read?"

"As far as you can," replied the master, with a sharp twinkle of his grey eyes, and an involuntary sarcastic smile.

Henry commenced unhesitatingly to read, and had turned the first, second and third leaves before the master had sufficiently recovered from his surprise to arrest him.

"Stop, sir! Where did you learn all this?"

Henry told him where. Taking him by the arm, the master led him to the centre of the room, and placing his hand upon his head, said:

"Attention, boys; here is a greater conqueror than was Caesar or Napoleon. Give him a round; three times three, now."

Cheerily, heartily, rang out that applause, penetrating the farthest recesses of that timeworn building, making the windows fairly shake again. What a proud day was that for Henry! How his heart leaped and almost bounded out of his bosom—how the boys shook hands and envied him—how the girls nodded and blinked their pretty eyes at him he has not yet forgotten, and although at the present time the laurels of a country's regard are clustering thick about his brow, he often says,

"That was the victory of my life.—It was at farmer Howard's I learned to labor unflinchingly for a given end."

Children, this is no fancy sketch.—Such a lad as I have described really existed, and from his example may we not learn to plant for ourselves elevated standards, and never give over until we have mastered every obstacle and reached our aim?

It is not always lessons to be learned, or wood piles to be demolished or rebuilt. There are bad habits to govern, vicious inclinations to restrain, selfish dispositions to overcome; many, many wrongs to be righted. There is room for a life long labor in our hearts. Up then my young friends, with a strong purpose of life. Shrink not at the sight of difficulty. Remember that "where there's a will, there's a way," and that perseverance is a sure guaranty of success.—*New York Independent.*

Vote of Franklin County.

The following is the official vote of the sixteen districts, in our county.—We republish it that those who failed to secure a copy of it last week may get this:

Districts.	BUCHANAN.	FILLMORE.
No 1 Winchester	316	116
" 2 Owl Hollow	64	31
" 3 N. Salem	90	49
" 4 S. Salem	82	31
" 5 Pond (no election)		
" 6 Rolman's	121	5
" 7 Rock Creek	103	17
" 8 Gossage's	124	16
" 9 Hockerville	142	21
10 Cowan	118	10
11 Thurman's	33	
12 Crow Creek	61	22
13 S. Cove	32	
14 Anderson's	28	6
15 Byron's	70	4
16 Wade's	13	
Total	1427	331

MAIDEN RESOLUTIONS.

BY MARY J. TUCKER.

Oh! I'll tell you of a fellow,
Of a fellow I have seen,
Who is neither white nor yellow,
But is altogether GREEN!
Then his name isn't charming,
For it's only common "Bolt."
And he wishes me to wed him,
But I hardly think I will!

He has told me of a cottage,
Of a cottage 'mong the trees,
And don't you think the gawkey
Tumbled down upon his knees!
While the tears the creature wasted
Were enough to turn a mill;
And he begged me to accept him,
But I hardly think I will!

Oh, he whispered of devotion,
Of devotion pure and deep,
But it seemed so very silly
That I nearly fell asleep!
And he thinks it would be pleasant,
As we journey down the hill,
To go hand in hand together—
But I hardly think I will!

He was here last night to see me,
And he made so long a stay,
I began to think the blockhead
Never meant to go away.
At first I learned to hate him,
And I know I hate him still,
Yet he urges me to have him—
But I hardly think I will!

I am sure I wouldn't choose him,
But the very devil is in it;
For he says if I refuse him,
That he could not live a minute.
And you know the blessed Bible
Plainly says we "mustn't kill,"
So I've thought the matter over,
And I rather guess I will!

Tennessee.

The following table gives the gains of the Democratic and American parties in Tennessee. Most of the figures are gleaned from official reports. This table only comprises 57 counties—there are 81 in the State. We shall probably hear from the remaining counties in the course of a week:

BUCHANAN.	FILLMORE.
Davidson	165
Sumner	71
Franklin	188
Mauzy	156
Robertson	176
Montgomery	167
Hardin	71
Bradley	49
Lincoln	129
Giles	222
Wilson	259
Williamson	50
Rutherford	46
Bedford	149
Dickson	52
DeKalb	85
Lawrence	27
Coffee	90
Madison	60
Smith	61
Stewart	68
Shelby	317
Hickman	17
Carroll	26
Humphreys	226
Grainger	450
Jefferson	170
McMinn	45
Monroe	20
Knox	151
Cocke	175
Weakley	239
Polk	100
Meigs	35
Haywood	120
Tipton	200
Fayette	216
Campbell	213
Sevier	108
Anderson	138
Washington	35
Perry	33
Henry	86
Sullivan	124
	5568
	990
Dem. gain	4573

SALT.—The sea is still the chief source of the salt we use. There are one hundred and forty-five millions of square miles of sea—each gallon of its water containing forty per cent. of salt. The whole mass, therefore, amounts to six thousand, four hundred and forty-one billions of tons; so that, if the sea were evaporated and the salt crystallized, the latter would form a layer seven hundred feet thick over the bottom of the sea, or two thousand feet thick over the solid land of the earth.

Young Men.

Whatever may be your choice of future occupation—whatever calling or profession you may select, there is certainly none more honorable than that of a farmer. The patriarch of the fields, as he sits beside his cottage door when his daily toil is over, feels an inward calm never known in the halls of pride. His labor yields him unpar-chasable health and repose. I have observed with more grief and pain than I can express, the visible tokens which appear in all directions of a growing disposition to avoid agricultural pursuits, and to rush into some of the overcrowded professions, because a corrupt and debasing fashion has thrown around them the tinsel of imaginary respectability. Hence the farmer, instead of preparing his child to follow in the path of usefulness himself has trod, educates him for a sloth; labor is considered vulgar—to work is ungenteel, the jack-plane is less respectable than the lawyer's green bag; the handles of the plow less dignified than the yard-stick. Infatuation! How melancholy is this delusion, which, unless it be checked by a wholesome reform in public opinion, will cover our country with wreck and ruin! This state of things is striking at the very foundation of our national greatness; it is upon agriculture that we mainly depend for our continued prosperity, and dark and evil will be the day when it falls into disrepute.—What other pursuit offers so sure a guarantee of an honest and comfortable support for a dependent family?—Where else can we look but to the productions of the soil for safety of investment, and for ample return? In commercial speculations all is chance and uncertainty, change and fluctuation, rise and fall. In the learned professions, scarce one in ten makes enough to meet his incidental expenses; how, then, are we to account for this fatal misdirection of public opinion?

The cultivators of the earth are the most valuable citizens. They are the most independent, the most virtuous, and they are tied to their country, and wedded to its interests by the most lasting bonds.—*Jefferson.*

Quantity of Seed per Acre.

There is a great discrepancy in the practice of farmers with regard to the quantity of seed allowed to the acre. There are scarcely any two who proceed upon the same basis in this matter; and yet every person is morally certain that his system is the best.—In the Farmer's Dictionary we find the following table, showing the quantity of the several kinds of seed named, which is allowed per statute acre by the English farmer. This statement, it is to be recollected, refers only to broadcasting.

Wheat,	2½ to 3½ bushels.
Oats,	4 to 6 "
Barley,	3 to 4 "
Rye,	2½ to 3½ "
Peas,	3½ to 4½ "
Buckwheat,	2 to 2½ "
Red Clover,	12 to 16 pounds.
White Clover,	3 to 4 "
Trefoil,	Mixed. 2 "
Red Clover,	2 "
Rye Grass,	1 peck.
Turnips,	2 to 3 "

It will be seen by the above tabular exhibit that the quantity of most of the seeds named, which is allowed to the acre in broad casting, in England, exceeds greatly the quantity we customarily allow here. The soil there, however, is much deeper, and much more efficiently worked, than it is with us, and a vastly greater amount of manure is allowed. The after culture is also more thorough in all its details.—*Ex.*

Love.—Love is the golden thread that runs through the sombre-hued woof of life, like a single ray of light beaming out on a darksome midnight. It is "the one thing bright" that makes life pleasant—the basis of all our enjoyments; and without it everything would turn to bitterness and sorrow. It is like oil upon the troubled waves of the ocean; it allays our fiercer passions; it tranquilizes us, and makes us more humane. Yet there are some who scoff at it. To them is unknown the holiest and most ennobling emotion of which our nature is capable; and such persons we should rather pity than despise.